

Sketch

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Reverie

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Reverie

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Orange light wrapped the inside of her eyelids in the penetrating heat of the sun's embrace. The first hypnotic moments of morning captivated Lily, as the sun poured in her window and made the porcelain Victorian-style dressed dolls blush in the rosy pink light. Lily loved mornings like this. When she woke up with the sun, her small room would explode alive with marvelous color, as if a leftover residue of the night's dreams had been captured in grey reality.

The enchantment of the comforting warm bed wore off as a fleeting thought dashed into Lily's brain. She burst from her covers, trailing the old quilted fabric as she dragged her little feet across her room and slid them into the too-big rubber boots by the door. She opened the brown door slowly, letting the creak fade into nothing but a dull moan bouncing off of the walls in the narrow hallway. She tiptoed past her sleeping parents and hurried to the kitchen, where the sound of the screen door would not be heard by those lost in slumber.

Lily loved mornings like this. The earth always had a way of greeting her. Reawakened skies reflected her shining light eyes as a pool of water would, matching the blue hue precisely. The old tall maples swayed in response to her praise of the morning as she softly hummed along with the aching familiar birdsong and matched her gait with the gentle cadence.

The swaying trees seemed to point her towards her secret place, down the worn dirt path, towards the soft gargle of the nearby creek. As her wild black hair whipped around her face with the laughing wind, Lily spotted it, her place.

Her place consisted of a tangle of tree roots at the base of a dark giant oak, the half-alive old soul of the magical woods. The gnarled dark branches that twisted up touching the sky enchanted her as she imagined how it would feel to grasp the smooth satin.

Lily loved these mornings of innocence, enchanted secrets, and blithe barefooted play. These mornings were so bright; the living earth

smothered all of Lily's reality. In her secret place, the rightness almost seemed to smother the numb dark that was slowly creeping it's way in. The cloud covering her sun.

The shade shown black from behind her closed eyelids, the yelling swallowed up the sounds of the swaying trees. Lily heard a shriek and a nearby door slam as she sat in the dark numb cold. Inside her secret place, under her bed and in the corners of her mind, Lily opened her eyes.